





## COMMUNICATIONS.

### Political and Moral Power.

February 6, 1847.

#### FRIENDS EDITORS:

I see in the 4th number of the *Era*, under the head of "Robert Owen and his Plans," some remarks which seem to me to be out of place in the editorials of that paper. I think if the editor had been arguing in favor of "Liberty Party" political action, he would have reversed the philosophy there urged against the political action proposed by Owen. What has caused this radical change in the Doctor's opinions which has induced him to discard political action? Or is it that he has not changed—that he is free from prejudice in this case, and can see things more clearly—not obscured by his party spectacles—than having in this case a party to defend? I should rather imagine the latter to be the act, inasmuch as I have not discovered that he has abjured his political creed relative to the Liberty party. But to his position in the editorial referred to.

"Our own opinion is," says the Dr., "that no scheme of reformation can be successful which attempts to elevate the individual chiefly or exclusively by operating on society. The only efficient mode of changing the aggregate is by changing the parts of which it is composed."

Let us extend this philosophy to the Liberty party, and see if it will suit their case as well as it does Mr. Owen's. The Dr. does not deny that Mr. Owen's plan of government would be better than the one we now have; but rather admits such to be the fact by his arguing that political reformation, of itself, is of no avail. Well, then, surely if, in the case of Mr. Owen, political reformation would do no good, why will it when brought about by Liberty party? The two cases are parallel—the only difference is that one proposes a change of one part, the other of another part; while in many respects both would agree as to the change that should be made.

The Dr. is right when he supposes Mr. O. to be wasting his strength in a wrong channel in his attempts to reform mankind by law; but he is wrong when he thinks that Liberty party will do the work in that way. Why is it, we are led to ask, that Mr. O.'s plans, even though they should be adopted, and admitting them to be far superior to those now in operation—why is it, that they would fail to benefit the condition of "individuals" or "society"? Will the Dr. or his political coadjutors answer this question? They cannot stand on political ground. We will let the Dr. answer. In the editorial referred to, he adds, in his arguments to prove the importance of law, constitutions, statutory enactments or governments to better mankind—

"The history of the world records sudden changes in the forms of government. Monarchy has, at times, been instantly substituted by democracy; democracy, not unfrequently, has given place just as speedily to military despotism. Even these changes, however, were not permanent, did not appear in their maturity at once, unless there were preliminary modifications of character or circumstances adapted to the new order of things. We have never heard of a whole people assembling in convention and by a formal resolve altering their habits and customs, and revolutionizing their whole internal life."

But the reformatory movement must commence and be carried on among the individual elements of society. \* \* \* The reformatory process, if pushed much beyond the point to which the great majority of individuals have advanced, will prove a failure."

Surely it will. The whole tale is told.—It is this: if you make laws ahead of the people, they "will be a failure." And why? Merely because public opinion, in republican governments, is law. For the simple reason that all history of our country proves that if the law requires the people to do better than they wish to do, they disregard it; and also, if it requires them to do worse than they wish to do, they will not regard it. What other reason, Dr. 1? What good, then, does the law do? You may say that it will do good when it accords with the will of the people. But, surely, if they will only obey the law when they wish to, and not then because the law dictates it, but from the simple fact that they would do it law or no law, the law does no good. What good would it do for a man every morning to resolve to do, through the day, just what he intends to do, resolve or no resolve, and attach a penalty thereto for a violation which he did not intend to make, and which, should he make, would not call forth punishment? But may be some politicians would dissent from the Dr. and argue that law does protect the people. I would ask when I would say with Samuel Lewis, at Harveysburgh when on his electioneering tour last summer, "that there was never a greater humbug attempted to be palmed off on the people since the father of lies first commenced inventing humbugs, than that law protects the people." "You may," says Mr. L., "heap up your laws as high as the tree tops and mankind will be no better.—All we ask is, that the law get out of the way and let humanity advance."

In proof of the Dr.'s and Lewis' positions, that law is worthless—that moral power has to do the work—that public opinion is law, I would refer the advocates of political action to the burning of Pennsylvania Hall—the mobs in Philadelphia, in which the property of unoffending citizens was demolished and their persons injured—the Boston mob, in which an innocent and unoffending citizen was dragged through the street with a halter

round his neck—to the mobs in Cincinnati, when Anti-Slavery printing presses were thrown into the river, property demolished, houses assailed and their inmates abused, the colored people, many of them, thrown into dungeons to save their lives—to the murder of Lovejoy at Alton. What will be done with these facts? All of them were contrary to law. The law, had there been any magic power in it to have paralyzed the arm of the mobocratic populace, would have done it. But the people were in favor of these things, therefore law could not be enforced.

I would, also, notice that a few years ago, the black laws of Ohio were enforced with rigor in almost all parts of Ohio.—Vagrants, urged on by Church and State, Christian and Clergy, were stationed through the State to arrest the fugitive and send him back, and to punish the perpetrator of the benevolent act. Now but little regard is paid to those laws. I remember a few years ago we had to travel at night on those errands, now we can go in broad day light. I remember that some six years ago one of our southern brothers was moving through Ohio with some women and children whom he called his own. We tried his legal title and even the defendant's counsel declared by it those mothers and sisters were free. Yet the pro-slavery Justice in the presence of a pro-slavery mob declared them legal slaves. But now how is it? Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Alton cannot raise mobs to murder men for being humane, or baptize printing presses because by them truths have been printed. Yet the laws are the same that they were when those wicked deeds were done. Now an Anti-Slavery paper can be published even at Washington.—Now fugitives can be conducted through towns and villages in day time, and all is right. Now the legal authorities of a county in Ohio permit colored people to vote—give testimony in the county court, and have the benefit of the school fund.

But I must stop. Have already extended my letter too long for your paper, and yet have been brief and am not near through.—Pardon the length of the article, and publish it if you think it is worth it.

Yours for Truth,

J. P. DAVIS.

#### To Luther Russell, Esq.

DEAR SIR:—

I was somewhat surprised at your course in the recent Assembly, inasmuch as an intimate acquaintance with you had confirmed me in the belief that you at all times went against oppression, and sympathized with the oppressed everywhere. What inference can be drawn from your report as one of the minority of the Committee to which was referred the subject of the repeal of all laws making a distinction on account of color? Is it not that you refuse to give the black man and the mulatto any place of refuge or protection in Ohio—even the privilege of running across the State to Victoria's dominions? Must we not infer that you will exterminate, so far as your influence will go, the last man that has African blood in his veins? Still you affect to have sympathy for them, and would have their children go to school.—Pray, tell how many there will be educated after they have all been driven from our State!

I imagine that I see the poor slave, after having obtained the price of his redemption by saving a penny at a time, by doing some vile drudgery on Sundays, and at nights after his day's toil is over, take his free papers and praise God for the blessings of liberty. Lest he should fall among thieves a second time, he turns his face Northward and starts for Canada, the only place of refuge for the down-trodden. He arrives on the south shore of the Ohio, and on its northern bank he sees Luther Russell with waving banner, on which is inscribed "Liberty and equal rights." "Glory to God," says the old man, "that must be the country I am seeking." In he plunges and swims for Ohio. But as he approaches he begins to grow suspicious—he sees in the hand of Mr. Russell a musket with fixed bayonet. He implores protection, but is thrust away with this declaration:—"Lest the rights of our own citizens should be encroached upon, I have sworn by the Eternal, that no nigger shall set foot on our shore; and you old worn out black dog must go back to your former home. Yet nevertheless, I wish my old abolition friends to understand that I feel great sympathy for the suffering poor who are so severely oppressed under the laws of Ohio." The poor emancipated slave turns despondingly away and exclaims:—"Merciful God! how unlike the actions of the good Samaritan is the conduct of this man! Oh, where is the land in which Christians dwell!"

Your's Respectfully,

R. J. HENRY.

Twinsburg, Feb. 12, '47.

#### Liberty Party—Consistency.

FRIENDS JONES:—

I wish to say a few words through the Bugle to our brethren of the Liberty party. In the first place it must be remembered that the object of the party is to abolish slavery. Of course, if the members of it should be convinced that voting under the present Constitution is not calculated to forward that object, they would abandon it.

Suppose the country to be divided on the slavery question alone, and a considerable majority, from prejudice, education, or any other cause, should be in favor of slavery, is

it reasonable to suppose that they would relinquish their prepossessions? You in a minority, tell the majority that all you want is power, and you will thwart their wishes.—Will they give you power thus to blast their prospects? Would you voluntarily relinquish your hold on the reins of government?

Perhaps you say that your main dependence is on arguments, addressed to the understanding.

Can you imagine how effectually you close up the understanding against all appeals, by the mere fact of your hostile position, in proposing to have your own way as soon as you can obtain the necessary power? All must admit that ignorance and darkness in the country is the cause of slavery and all its concomitant evils. And if threatening to force people out of their old practices, is calculated to infuse light in their minds, then you pursue a proper course. But it is always safe to bring such cases home and try them by our own feelings. Suppose you discover a company organized to effect your interest forcibly, will not your ingenuity be taxed to defeat them? and if you have the power you will forever keep it, unless you surrender it under the action of some other influence.

If Liberty party could by any possibility get a majority in Congress, and should pass all laws that any Liberty man could devise, it would be of no effect unless slaveholders were more law-abiding citizens than Liberty men. Be it said, much to the praise of Liberty men, that they disregard some of the features of the black laws of this State. But while they thus disregard the laws of other people's making, they can expect no better observance of laws made by themselves.—Gerrit Smith some time ago issued his advice to the slaves, recommending their flight to the free States with any article of property that would expedite their escape. Without questioning the motives of friend Smith, it certainly appears very inconsistent to urge the violation of existing laws, and at the same time try to frame laws for other people's observance. The spread of truth is necessary to the abolition of any evil, and in your endeavors to force it on the people, you close up their ears against it. Like the regulator of a steam engine, it makes no difference how much you raise the steam, the gain in speed is nothing, on account of the prompt action of the regulator, so opposition in the human mind rises just in proportion to its opposing force.

Third party brethren will of course stick to the pointings of duty in all cases whatever, and it is perfectly right for all to act in strict accordance with their consciences, but let them be enlightened as far as possible.

Your friend and brother,

M. T. JOHNSON.

Short Creek, Ohio.

LEESBURG, Carroll Co., O.,

Feb. 8th, 1847.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—

My attention has been called to an editorial article in the Bugle of January 15th, which seems to require a passing notice. The article referred to is headed, "Are the Wesleyans Retrograding?" As I do not wish to occupy space in your paper only to correct a false impression the article referred to is calculated to make, I will merely say, that you have been led into an error by some person, in reference to the case of W. J. Coon.—There has never been a charge preferred against him by A. R. Dempster, or any other person on this circuit, and consequently the Leesburg Conference (as you call it) could not have entertained a charge against him. In reference to what is found in the article about Wesleyan members of the Democratic and Whig parties being offended at language used applying to J. K. Polk and H. Clay, it is all a mistake. We have no such characters in the Wesleyan Church in this place, or in any of our churches on this circuit, to the best of my knowledge. So you perceive that your very nice and pertinent remarks about the watches of the members of the Conference are out of place.

Respectfully, &c.,

A. R. DEMPSTER.

[We are informed by James W. Walker, who has recently been holding meetings at Leesburg, and who conversed with A. R. Dempster and others on the subject above referred to, that the only difference between our article and the facts in the case, is this: we stated that a charge was made, it should have been, a complaint was entered; and instead of the Quarterly Conference entertaining the charge, it entertained the complaint—which was preferred by A. R. Dempster, as the representative of the Leesburg Church—and passed a resolution recommending Wm. J. Coon to be more careful, &c., in future! Instead of Whigs and Democrats being offended, it appears they were Liberty party men! The above matter, we understand, came up in the usual routine of business.—Eds.]

THE "LONE STAR."—Mr. Winthrop, of Boston, in a recent speech upon Texas annexation and its results, said the "Lone Star" reminded him of the star described in the vision of the Apostle on the Isle of Patmos:

"And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from Heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon a third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters;

"And the name of the star is called Wormwood; and the third part of the waters became wormwood; and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter."

## ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, FEBRUARY 26, 1847.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

Col. Cilley—Mexican War—Thanks to Gen. Taylor—Right of Petition.

A few months since we referred to the official action of Liberty party Representatives, as an evidence that they, like other political aspirants were not to be trusted—that notwithstanding their professed love for liberty, and the claim that their party was *par excellence* the devoted and efficient friend of humanity, it was unsafe to confide in them.—Since then, more astounding developments have occurred that ought to satisfy every unprejudiced mind, that the claims and pretensions of Liberty party are as unmeaning as the Southerner's boasted love for freedom.—When Col. Cilley—the first and only Liberty party Senator—was elected, great expectations were entertained of him by many of his party. Have those expectations been realized?—has he proved himself a friend of the oppressed, or of the oppressor? The first act of importance which he did was to offer a resolution recommending a withdrawal of the U. S. troops from Mexico.—"Nobly done," cried the party, "this is bearding the lion in his den! See what Cilley's election has already accomplished!" After making an explanatory speech upon that resolution, he himself voted to lay it on the table! His object in presenting it, may be gathered from the following report of his remarks taken from the National Intelligencer:—

"His plan was to withdraw our forces to some point within the boundary of the United States, where the sustenance for an army would be more readily obtained, and there augment the army to any extent they pleased; have the soldiers well drilled and insured to service, so that when a blow was to be struck it might be such a blow as would make itself felt throughout the Republic of Mexico. It appeared that this war was not to be a short war; it was going to be a long one; and in order to prosecute it with vigor and success, a greatly enlarged and more efficient force would be required. What amount of force would be required he was unable to say, but it seemed the army which had been sent there was altogether inadequate to the successful completion of the war, although they had achieved brilliant victories and won for themselves imperishable fame at Palo Alto and Monterey. He considered the affair at Monterey the most brilliant achievement on record!—a battle won as it was by a small army against vastly superior numbers protected by strong fortifications."

Here is a rich specimen of Liberty party abolitionism—of its opposition to the Mexican war. Col. Cilley thought Polk had not adopted the best plan for the conquest of Mexico, so he proposed a mode by which a blow might be struck more terrible than any the American forces had before given. It may be said that the party is not responsible for Cilley's sentiments, for this is the stereotyped answer with which its members meet all charges of responsibility. Do they think the people are so silly as to believe them? It is an insult to the common sense of the community to try to palm off the idea that no matter what the leaders of that party say, no matter what its official representatives do, no matter what its organs declare, the party is not responsible. Its members hold the Whigs and Democrats strictly accountable for the actions and sentiments of the leaders of their respective parties, and why should they claim exemption from being judged by the same principle by which they judge others?

The second senatorial act of Col. Cilley was in perfect harmony with his first, indeed it might be said to grow out of it, for after he had so highly eulogized Gen. Taylor's murderous and robber-like course, what more just and proper than to vote him a resolution of thanks, which he accordingly united with others in doing.

The next act we shall notice is one which we conceive involves the Right of Petition. Col. Cilley was sent to Washington by New Hampshire, but he is the Representative of Ohio and Pennsylvania as well as of all the other States, for power is conferred upon him to legislate for all. The bill to which he gives his assent is as much a law for Ohio and Pennsylvania as for New Hampshire; and we therefore hold that he is as much bound to present the petitions of the inhabitants of the former States as those of the latter. This point will be readily admitted. If the Right of Petition is not an unmeaning phrase, it implies the duty of the Legislature to receive and hear all petitions addressed to it, if they are couched in respectful language. Even the plea that the petitioners ask for that which it is unconstitutional for the Legislature to grant, cannot justify it in refusing to receive their petitions, as the Whigs would promptly declare if a Democratic Congress should refuse to receive a petition asking for the establishment of a National Bank, which in the estimation of the Democracy would be unconstitutional. And if such a one was sent to a Democrat, if he dared refuse to present it because he did not agree with the request of the petitioners, he would justly be denounced as a foe to the Right of Petition.

As Liberty party has been forever boasting of its great reverence for that Right, and its determination ever to stand by it, we concluded to test the worth of its professions, and accordingly mailed some Disunion petitions to the address of Col. Cilley, which had been circulated in Western Pa. and Central Ohio, affirming in substance that slavery could not exist were it not for the union between the North and South, and requesting Congress to take measures to recommend a dissolution of that union. These we desired him to present to the Senate. Did he do it? Did he lay them, and the question of their reception on the table according to the standing rule of that body? Less than this Charles Gag Atherton would not have done, for he left it to the majority of the body of which he was a member, to say what disposition should be made of the odious petitions of the abolitionists; but Col. Cilley takes it upon himself to say what petitions may or may not be presented. He did not object to the petitions because they were not respectful in language, but he despotically refused to present them, and insultingly flung them back in the faces of the petitioners because he did not approve of the object for which they asked! as witness the following note.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 13, 1847.

Dear Sir:—

As I am not yet in favor of a Dissolution of the Union of the U. S., I return the petitions directed to me with a request to present them to the Senate of the U. States.

Yours Respectfully,

J. CILLEY.

BENJ. S. JONES, Esq.,

Salem, Ohio.

New Hampshire had good cause to be ashamed of her Charles Gag Atherton, but she has more cause to be ashamed of her Col. Cilley; for the latter, while making heaven-high professions of his love for Freedom and his reverence for Constitutional rights, tramples both into the dust. The longer that party exists of which Col. Cilley is a worthy member, the more fully is it developing its corruption and rottenness of heart.

One of the petitions which the Liberty party Senator rejected has been sent to Thos. Corwin of Ohio, another to John C. Calhoun of South Carolina; and it yet remains to be seen whether the representative of the Whigs of Ohio, and the leader of the South Carolina Nullifiers, and defender of slavery, will treat the petitioners with as little respect as the representative of Liberty party—with less they cannot.

The Boston Olive Branch, in an article respecting a meeting of the Disunionists, thus remarks upon the speakers in attendance in particular and the Disunionists in general:—

"If treason consists in endeavoring to stir up a community to rebellion against the laws and the government, why are not these leaders indicted for the offence of treason? In the judgment of law and good sense they are guilty, and should be dealt with accordingly, and we sincerely hope that the powers that be will make it their business to drive from our midst such an intolerable nuisance. Such kind of meetings are a libel upon the principles of abolitionism; there is no abolitionism in them. In these meetings speakers or rather ranters gather together for no other purpose but to assail the public ears with their blackguardism, and to rail against and libel our laws and our Constitution. They have long been borne with; to reason with them is out of the question; they have been made the subjects of satire, and still they persist; now as a last resort, and the only way in which their treasonable course can be arrested, we say, let them be indicted! Who second our motion?"

Aye, indeed! who second the motion? Who votes for indicting the Disunionists? Arguments are bullet proof, swords cannot cut logic, nor can indictments overthrow the truth. The editor of the Branch must have a very exalted opinion of himself and fellows, to imagine that in them is invested all the rights which belong to humanity, that they are God's vicegerents upon earth. He says "They (the Disunionists) have long been borne with," just as if they had not as good a right freely to express their opinion as he has to give utterance to his. "To reason with them is out of the question." Glad he rightly appreciates the weakness of his arguments and the strength of ours. "They have been made the subjects of satire, and still they persist." This surely is very unreasonable, and they must be great ignoramuses not to know that when the editor of the Olive Branch satirizes them they should immediately drop their arms and cry for quarters.—Strange that men who cannot be foiled by argument should not yield to satire, but still persist in their treasonable course; but thanks to the Spirit of Domination, there is yet an alternative, there remains a last resort—indictment for treason! This he declares is the only way they can be successfully met. Let the experiment be made, and the editor will find that those who have the right in an argument, who cannot be driven from their position by satire, will not be very likely to be frightened by an indictment.

MEETING FOR THE IRISH.—We observe by the Village Register, that those citizens of Salem and vicinity who sympathize with the people of Ireland in their suffering condition, and desire to adopt some measures for their relief, are requested to meet in this village on Wednesday, the 3rd of March, at 3 o'clock, P. M., at such place as may hereafter be designated by hand-bill. We hope there will be a general attendance. It is stated that only about \$200 have been collected in this neighborhood—hardly a shilling contribution from each person.

## "Our Country Right or Wrong."

Is a motto, which although popular with the mass, has been deservedly condemned by the reflecting minority; and well may men of thought and intelligence shrink from the idea of placing country above God, patriotism above right, of pledging themselves to fight seemingly regardless whether it be for Jehovah or against him. There has, however, been manifested a great lack of consistency on the part of some of those who have been foremost in condemning the principle contained in the motto we have quoted. We were forcibly reminded of this, by reading an article in a recent No. of the Cincinnati Herald. We were aware that Dr. Bailey, the former editor of that paper, regarded as traitors all who, believing in the act of self defense, would refuse to aid in repelling the invading forces of the allies of Mexico, but we had hoped better things from the present incumbent. In this we were disappointed.—His position is more objectionable than that of his predecessor, for he says:

"If our country is attacked, no matter for what provocation, we believe in the right of self-defense, and will contribute all our efforts to repel all invaders."

Here is a slight modification in the language of the motto we have placed at the head of this article, but the principle remains the same. "Our Country Right or Wrong," shouts the brawling "patriot," "not so," says the editor of the Herald, "such sentiment is God-defying and denies man's moral obligation," but how much more heavenly in its character, how much more in accordance with truth and justice is his own, "If invaded, our country right or wrong!" True, there is a shade of difference between the two, not in principle, but in words only; the latter is in fact the same motto with an unimportant limitation—unimportant, we say, for there is hardly a soldier in the army from the general who wears the laurels to the subaltern who wins them, but who, arguing from the Herald's position, can make the fighting of the Mexicans upon their own soil an act which every American should sanction.

What is the difference between the Democratic Union and the Liberty party Herald in regard to the duty of the American people to sustain the Mexican war? Merely a difference in the place of fighting it. The Herald believes it to be their duty to fight it out should it be moved to American soil, while the Union insists they should do it even upon Mexican territory.

#### James W. Walker

Held his meetings here according to appointment. Although the traveling was exceedingly bad, the roads so muddy that even many of the town's people were deterred from attending, yet his audiences were large from the commencement to the close. The only house that could be procured was the Friends' Meeting House. Application was made to the 2nd Baptist Church for the use of theirs, but it was refused, although subscribers were received by them for its erection with the distinct understanding that it should be free for all anti-slavery meetings. They obtained the money, built the house, and then locked its doors against all advocates of Disunion. Sectarians may esteem this honesty, but if the world's people were guilty of it, we should call it by a very different name.

The impression which our friend Walker made was very good, and no one who listened to him, will, we think, question his power as a speaker, or his ability to accomplish a great work. So far as we can learn, he gave very general satisfaction; even those who differ from him cannot well complain of his manner of treating the slavery question. Henry W. Curtis, another agent of the Western Society, was present and participated in the discussions. He reasons well—his conclusions are sound and indisputable. He promises to be an effective laborer in the cause. The only thing we regret about the meetings is, that almost the entire time of the last session was occupied by an individual who rarely has an opportunity of addressing an assembly composed of so many respectable persons; we ought not, perhaps, to regret even this, for we have reason to believe that the grievous infliction of the speech he made, and his appearance there, produced an effect directly the opposite of what he designed, and strengthened the cause of Disunion.

THE WILMOT PROVISION, as will be seen by an extract from the N. Y. Tribune which will be found in another column, has passed the House by a vote of 115 to 105. So far, so good. Its adoption by the Senate is hardly likely; for if the House, which has a much larger majority from the North than that by which it passed the Wilmot Bill, could only give a majority of ten to declare that the territory acquired from Mexico should be free, can we expect the conservative and pro-slavery Senate will so far forget the interests of the South as to unite with the House in its action against "the peculiar institution?"

JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY.—This celebrated preacher, who was a member among the Orthodox Quakers of England, and whose name has been given to one of the parties in that sect in America, died at Norwich on the 4th ultimo. He was a wealthy banker, and withal a very benevolent man.

THE "Chapter for the Times," on our first page, is from the paper issued by the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society of Ashblula Co., under the editorial care of Betsey M. Cowles. The article will well repay a perusal.



## To Correspondents.

J. Mc M. and E. E. and H. T. Shall appear next week.

S. R. The receipt of her name and money at N. Y. have been acknowledged—we supposed she was receiving the paper.—Since getting hers, we have written again about the matter.

W. W. W. The book has been sent.—The arrangement he proposes can be made with the agent for the Bugle, but would it not be better to have another copy forwarded to one of his neighbors? then a dollar mailed to our address will pay for both.

S. S. B. The only documents we have on the subject referred to, have been sent.—Price 31 cents.

W. C. A. His article is acceptable.

S. P. Shall be heard; but his communications are too long for our paper. All must have a chance.

H. R. Will be inserted—rather too lengthy.

B. M. C. Her favor has just come to hand—will answer it after the next meeting of the Ex. Committee.

M. B. We will give place to part of his article.

W. C. His opinion and ours do not differ very much—it was not dignified, certainly.

P. B. Is informed that the person about whom he inquires, discontinued because he was deceived in the character of the paper.

## David P. Lowe.

If it will suit his inclination, David P. Lowe is requested to come to this part of the State as early as he conveniently can, for the purpose of holding some anti-slavery conventions in company with another person. If he cannot come, he is requested to write to the undersigned at this place. Those who take the Bugle will confer a favor by calling his attention to this request.

## SAML. BROOKE.

THE BLACK LAWS.—In answer to a query of a correspondent in relation to voting for a repeal of the Black Laws, we would say, that the bill referring this question to a decision of the people at the spring election, passed the lower House only, and is therefore of no effect. It was defeated in the Senate by a vote of 18 to 16.

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.—The *Amer. Phrenological Journal* for February, says:—"Americans, ye support no throne, no titled peerage, no established church. You are not required to build for another to inhabit, to sow for others to reap, to plant fruit trees for others to enjoy. No, God be thanked, we plant, we sow, we build for ourselves, and not for another."

Indeed! This is news to us. If the editor of the *Journal* be right, then one of two things is certain—either the slaveholder plants cotton seed and sugar cane, and sows rice, or else the slave deals largely in the staple products of the South, and holds extensive commercial relations with the greatest maritime powers of Europe. How strange that intelligent men who live in this land, should so far overlook the hideous fact of slavery, as to forget that three millions of Americans are required to build for others to inhabit, to sow for others to reap, to plant for others to enjoy.

FRIGHTFUL SLAUGHTER.—It is stated in the Paris journals, that the British Government has lately received information from its agents on the Western coast of Africa, of a frightful occurrence, which, however, is not novel in the annals of slavery. A negro chief, having 2,000 slaves upon his hands, and being unable to dispose of them, had them all killed before his own eyes. The French Government has also been made acquainted with this horrible massacre. The cabinets of London and Paris have resolved to join in punishing with severity the cruel chief.

Scarcely thousand slaves were killed in this country the past year by American chiefs—not by instant massacre, but by lingering tortures, the infliction of which would disgrace even the character of an untutored son of benighted Africa. There is, however, no probability of any government interesting itself sufficiently to punish those who murdered them; on the contrary, these bloody tyrants are treated with the most distinguished consideration in this and other lands, and occupy the highest stations in both Church and State.

SENATOR ATEHISON, of Missouri, said in his place, that in the famous 'charge' of Capt. May, of the eighty men then under his command, seventy-six were foreigners.

Very probable. How ridiculous was to eternally prating about American valor, when a portion of the very laurels that are won for the brows of slaveholding generals, are won by the bull-dog bravery of foreigners.

DEATHS OF A MOTHER AND THREE CHILDREN.—An inquest was held at Corbetstown, in this county (midway between this city and Castlecomer), on view of the bodies of four individuals, found in a dyke on the town lands of Webbborough, on Sunday last. It appeared from the evidence at the inquest, that the mother and three children had been in that neighborhood for some days, in a state of very great destitution. The bodies presented a truly heart-rending spectacle, partially covered with filthy rags saturated with mud, and frozen. The following was the verdict of the jury:—"We find that the deceased's and her three children's deaths were caused by drowning; and we find, from the post mortem examination made by Dr. Gwyder on two of the bodies, that they were in a state of hunger bordering on starvation, but how the bodies came into the dyke of water, whether by accident or design on the part of the mother, we have no evidence to show." *Kilkenny paper.*

## Extract from Corwin's Speech.

The following extract we take from a report in the Tribune of the speech of Thomas Corwin of Ohio, made in the U. S. Senate on the 11th inst. on the "Three Million Bill."

Not a man in North America who has a regard for the rights of nations,—I say more, no man who regards truth and honor, does believe that the marching of your army was to a neighboring Republic but will agree there is only one course left. You must call your army back! You must; unless you are willing to be thought a robber—an invader of your neighbors—you must recall that army! Retrace your steps—and if your President asks of me men and money to prosecute the war, with God's assistance and my own poor faculties, he shall have neither men nor money to prosecute any such purpose.

How is it? Am I mistaken in this? If I am, I shall consider him the cleverest friend that I may own in all the relations that should happen to me, or can happen to me in this life! I will consider him the best friend who shall satisfy me that I am mistaken in regard to this very question of fact which I have been examining. Gladly will I retract my steps. Convince me that that army of Gen. Taylor was on American soil—satisfy me that American blood was shed by a hostile army on American soil, and the last dollar that can be drained from all the resources of the country—the last man that can raise an arm in battle—these will I grant to defend that soil and to protect the rights of citizens there. But until I am satisfied that I do confess that I must have a right to have an opinion on this subject.

While the American President can command the army, thank God I can command the purse. While the President, under the penalty of death, can command your officers to proceed, I can tell them to come back for supplies, as he may. He shall have no funds from me in the prosecution of such a war.—That I conceive to be the duty of a Senator. I am not mistaken in that. If it is my duty to grant whatever the President demands, for what am I here? Have I no will upon the subject? Is it not placed at my discretion, understanding, judgment? Have an American Senate and House of Representatives nothing to do but obey the bidding of the President, as the mercenary army he commands is compelled to obey under penalty of death? No! your Senate and House of Representatives were never elected for such purposes as that.

They have been modelled on the good old plan of English liberty, and are intended to represent the English House of Commons who curbed the proud power of the King in olden times, by withholding supplies, if they did not approve of the war. It was in that way that English liberty was preserved at one of the most critical periods in the history of that wonderful people. How was it that Charles the first came to have at last his head upon the block by the judgment of the Roundheads and Puritans of England? He had granted them everything they asked.—He had surrendered all the kingly prerogatives save one, and what was that? The command of that army raised for the purpose of quelling the rebellion in Ireland. The infamous Wentworth (Strafford) had counselled him all along whatever he yielded up to stick to the command of the army.

The Parliament men had required of him that they should appoint the Generals to command, and this was all the remaining difference between them. On that depended the head of him who represented an hundred kings, reigning by divine right. "Give us the command of this army," they said. What was the reply of this doomed and fated representative of the house of Stuart? "No for one hour, by God!" Why did he stick to the command of the army? It had not then become the habit of the House of Commons to make specific appropriations of money. The supplies were given to the King, and he could distribute them as he pleased. Such men as Hale, and Somers and others had not yet learned the true art of managing the tyrants of England. While Charles could command the army, he might control the Parliament, and because he would not give up that command, our Puritan ancestors hid his head upon the block. How did it fare with the others?

It was on this very proposition of controlling the Executive power of England by withholding the money supplies that the House of Orange came in, and by their accession to the throne commenced a new epoch in the history of England, distinguishing it from the old reign of the Tudors and Plantagenets and those who preceded it. Then it was that Parliament specified the purpose of appropriation, and since 1688 it has been impossible for a king of England to involve the people of England in a war, which your President under your republican institutions and with your republican Constitution has yet managed to do. Here you stand powerless. He commands this army and you must not withhold their supplies. He involves your country in a wasteful and exterminating war against a nation with whom we have no cause of complaint, but Congress may say nothing!

Oh! when that comes to pass, when the American Senate—the American House of Representatives stoop to that submission to the behests of the President who is for the time being commander of the army, granting him supplies because he had got you into war, then let some Cromwell come in and say—"The Lord has no need for you. You are a barren fig-tree. You do not bring forth fruit, and the fate of the barren fig-tree is yours. Christ cursed it for its barrenness and it withered." Believing that this is a war of aggression, as the Senator from Missouri has denominated it long ago before this came to be a question of a war of aggression on your part, I cannot support it. I have no way left but to withhold the means to carry on that war. That way I have selected and in that I shall continue until I shall be satisfied that I have mistaken my ground on this first grand proposition, and then I shall be as ready as any one to retrace my steps.

A word on the proposition before you.—Three millions of money are to be appropriated; and here we labor under a difficulty.—The Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations tells us that he has every reason to believe that peace can be obtained if we grant this appropriation. What reason have you, Mr. Chairman, for that opinion? "Facts which I cannot disclose to you—correspondence which it would be improper to name here—facts which I know, but which you are not permitted to know, have satisfied the

Committee that peace may be purchased if you will but grant these three millions of dollars." Now, Mr. President, I wish to know if I am required to act upon such opinions of the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, formed upon facts which he refuses to disclose to me? No! I must know the facts before I can form my judgment.

But I am to take it for granted that there must be some prospect of an end of this dreadful war—for it is a dreadful war, being as I believe in my conscience it is, an unjust war. Is it possible that for three millions you can purchase a peace with Mexico? By the purchase of California! Mr. President, I know not what facts the Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Affairs may have had access to. I know not what secret agents have been whispering into the ears of the authorities of Mexico; but of one thing I am certain, that by a cession of California and New Mexico you can never purchase a peace with Mexico.

You must wrest provinces from Mexico by war—you may hold them by the right of the strongest—you may rob her, but a treaty of peace to that effect with the people of Mexico, legitimately had, you never will have! I thank God that it is so, as well for the sake of the Mexican people—for unlike the Senator from Alabama (Mr. Bagby,) I do not value the life of a citizen of the United States above the lives of an hundred thousand Mexican women and children—a rather cold sort of philanthropy in my judgment; for the sake of Mexico then I rejoice that it is an impossibility that you can obtain by treaty from her these territories in the existing state of things. But how is it? What do you mean?

Here comes the Senator from Michigan and the Senator from Missouri, at the head of the Committee of Military Affairs, and demand of us thirty millions of money and ten thousand regular troops—to do what? to conquer a peace of those obstinate Celts, who will not give it till we beat them still farther. We are told that that is the way to do it. There is a very curious and comical mixture of things on the other side of the Chamber. Scarcely have these military gentlemen—their instruments all bullets and gunpowder—made their demands, when up comes the Senator from Arkansas (Mr. Sevier) with three millions of dollars in his hat—nothing awake about him—(a laugh)—the trumpet of war is taken from his lips, and he comes in soft and gentle measure and says to the poor Celt, "In God's name, since you don't want to be killed and slaughtered, let us lay aside the spear of Achilles—there is the olive of Minerva in the shape of American dollars, according to our Yankee fashion!" (A laugh.)

I don't understand this. If we are to vindicate our right by battles—in bloody fields of war—let us do it. If that is not the plan, why then let us call back our armies into our own territories and propose a treaty with Mexico, based upon the proposition that money is better for her and land is better for us. Thus we can treat Mexico like an equal and do honor to ourselves. But what is it you ask? You have now taken from Mexico one fourth of her territory, and you now propose to run a line comprehending about another third, and for what? I ask, Mr. President, for what? What has Mexico got from you for parting with two-thirds of her domain? She has given you ample redress for every injury of which you have complained. She has submitted to the award of your Commissioners and up to the time of the rupture with Texas faithfully paid it.

In return, up comes your Anglo-Saxon gentleman, with the New Testament in one hand and Bill of Rights in the other—your evangelical Colonel and law-practising Divine, Don WALTER COLTON, who gives up Christ's sermon on the Mount, quite the New Testament, and betakes him to Blackstone and Kent—is elected Justice of the Peace—takes possession of California—and instead of teaching the way of repentance and of atonement to the miserable heathen, holds one of Col's pistols to his ear, and says, "Take trial by Jury, or—" (The remainder of this sentence was lost in the general burst of laughter which here broke forth from all parts of the Chamber.)

What is the territory, Mr. President, which you propose to wrest from Mexico? It is conceded to the heart of the Mexican by many a well-fought battle with his old Castilian master. His Bunker Hills and Saratogas and Yorktowns are there! The Mexican can say, "There I bled for liberty! and shall I surrender that consecrated home of my affections to the Anglo-Saxon invaders! What do they want with it? They have Texas already. They have possessed themselves of the territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. What else do they want? To what shall I point my children as memorials of that independence which I believe to them when those battle-fields shall have passed from my possession?"

Oh! and one come and demanded Dunker Hill of the people of Massachusetts—had England's Lion rampant on his field of gold, ever showed himself there, there is a man over 13 or under 90 who would not have been there to meet him—is there a river on this Continent that would not have run red with blood—is there a field of conflict but would have been filled high with the unburied bones of slaughtered Americans before these consecrated battle-fields of liberty should have been wrested from us? But this same American goes into a sister Republic and says to poor, weak Mexico, "Give up your territory—you are unworthy to possess it—I have got half already—All I ask of you is to give up the other!"—Oh, England might as well in the circumstances I have described, have come and demanded of us "Give up the Atlantic slope—give up this tidying territory from the Allegheny Mountains to the sea; it is only from Maine to St. Mary's—only about one-third of your Republic, and we have the least interesting portion of it." What would be the response? Why, they would say, we must give this up to John Bull. Why? "He wants room." The Senator from Michigan says he must have this. Why, my worthy Christian brother, on what principle of justice? "I want room!" (A laugh.)

Why, with twenty millions of people you have only about a hundred millions of acres of land, inviting settlement by every conceivable argument, bringing them down to a quarter of a dollar an acre, and allowing every man to squander where he pleases. But the Senator from Michigan says we will be two hundred millions in a few years, and we want room. If I were a Mexican I would tell you, "Have you not room in your own country to bury your dead men? If you come into mine we will welcome you with bloody hands and a hospitable grave."

Why, says the Chairman of this Committee of Foreign Relations, it is the most rea-

sonable thing in the world! We ought to have the Bay of San Francisco. Why? Because it is the best harbor in the Pacific! It has been my fortune, Mr. President to have practised a good deal in criminal Courts in the course of my life, but I never yet heard a thief, arraigned for stealing a horse, plead that it was the best horse that he could find in the country! We want California. What for? Why, says the Senator from Michigan, we will have it, and the Senator from South Carolina—with a very mistaken view, I think, alike of duty and policy—says, you can't keep our people from going in there. I don't desire to prevent them. Let them go and seek their happiness in whatever country or climate it pleases them.

All I ask is that they go there on their own responsibility, and not require of me to convey their Eagle banner into whatever field of plunder they may choose to enter in their foraging marauding expeditions. This, sir, has been the plea of every robber chief from the time of Nimrod to the present day. I dare say that Nimrod wanted room. Bajazet was a gentleman also just like your Anglo-Saxon Christian. He wanted room! Alexander wanted room when he went to that place where but recently Britain has fought a battle—on the ground on which he found himself engaged with the elephants of his Asiatic foe, when away from his Macedonian empire, in these seas, he sought for room.—There was a California away out there he wanted. He got it. Many a Monterey he had to storm. He had quite as much history as you will ever get.

Why, says the Senator from Michigan the other day, Europe had quite forgotten us until these battles waked them up! (A laugh.) I wonder if the President of the United States—educated as he is in all military and civil pursuits—ever read that Mexico of the man who wrote first about law—Montesquieu—"Happy is that nation whose annals are written in sand!" The Senator from Michigan had a different view of this. He thinks that a nation is not distinguished until it is distinguished in war. He fears that the slumbering faculties of old Europe have not been able to ascertain there are twenty millions of Anglo-Saxons here—making railroads and canals, and speeding all the arts of peace to the utmost accomplishment of the most refined civilization! They do not know it! And what is the wonderful expedient which this Democratic method of making history would adopt in order to make us known? Shooting Mexican women!

I read in your battle of Monterey, that a poor little girl, with the benevolence of an angel in her bosom and the robust courage of a hero in her heart, was busily engaged during the bloody conflict, amid the crash of falling houses and the shrieks of war, in moistening the parched lips of the dying soldiers on either side, when suddenly, as an American officer looked upon her, a cannon-ball struck her and blew her to atoms! Oh! we are known in Europe! How we are recognized among the Christian nations of the world! This is a consummation that makes me think that the Millennium Glory has just dawned upon the bloody field of Monterey. The glory of your great American Republic shall live to the latest syllable of recorded time. You have stormed the Bishop's Palace, and shot an innocent girl engaged in giving water to the dying soldiers in the field!

This was to get room! There lies your acknowledged country, on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, so far remote from the habitable parts of your country that you have actually to hire a regiment to carry the mail to the shores of the Pacific! And you want room! You make the hypocritical pretence that there is a starving population teeming with energy and enterprise and life, which wants room! You will impose no lies like that upon us. Why shall we be so silly as to attempt to impose upon the world this false pretence?

Do we not know, Mr. President, that of old it was urged a lie could not live long?—But at last there shall nothing abide but truth, and that whatever you or I may say to-day, when we shall have gone down to our graves, with the expectation, like the foolish bird which, when pursued, hides its foolish head in the sand and supposes its poor foolish body is not seen—when we have crawled into the grave, believing that by this falsehood we have imposed upon this world, all will be discovered and made bare to every body, and mankind instead of believing us that we sought room for a growing population, will say that we endeavored under that hypocritical pretence, to obtain land we did not want, by iniquity and force.

## Extract of a Letter from Ireland.

A Dublin correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing under date of January 14, after giving some heart-rending details in relation to the situation of the famishing poor of Ireland, thus concludes:

Mr. Editor, and worthy reader, what shall I add to this appalling catalogue of desolation and death! No words of mine, no words of any one, can deepen the colors of this gloomy picture. Yet its details, numerous and ghastly as they are, present, alike in number and ghastliness, a very tame and insufficient idea of the present condition of Ireland. I am where sufficient—alas! too sufficient—opportunities are afforded me to learn how utterly inadequate all words are to represent this dread emergency. The streets of this city swarm with the wretched victims of Fever and Famine. If a faithful Panorama of Dublin could be exhibited to the People of America at this time, every ship in your spacious harbor would be chartered in less than a week to bring food over to its perishing thousands. There are Beggars enough in Dublin at all times—Beggars, not a few, by profession—but at this crisis, this unparalleled period, hundreds of persons who have been driven by the force of Hunger away from their homes (homes!) come straggling and sinking into this great city in the desperate hope (which yet ought not to be desperate) that among all its wealthy Christians enough will be found to furnish food and raiment for all who are in want. And so, dragging themselves along through every highway, and leaning against the wall of every by-way, may be seen from early dawn till far into the night, these famishing and forlorn creatures, the very pictures of desolation and despair, appealing with trembling voice and more trembling limb, to your humane sympathies, and asking the poor boon of one morsel of food, or one rag of clothing to keep them from the grave. It is a common thing to see whole family groups—father, mother, sister, brother, babe—standing in the cold streets with bare feet and thin hollow faces, begging every-

ry passer-by, in the most piteous accents, to give them just one scant meal of victuals to save them from starvation. I will not go on with these horrible statements, but leaving them as they are, ask—ask heartily and hopefully—if you will not do something, and do it immediately, to arrest the progress of this awful Famine. Most of you are blessed with competence, many of you with wealth.—Show that these gifts are blessings, and not curses, by coming forward with an open hand and liberal heart, cheerfully to contribute of your store to those who, though children of the same God are bound to you by the ties of an infinite and universal brotherhood, are yet pale with cold and hunger, and see no way, unless it be afforded by your timely help, to put off the day, (which has come to hundreds of their brethren,) of actual starvation.

Much is being done in this country and in England, but the exigency is one which calls for the action of the whole civilized world, nay of the Universal Human heart. The present is one of those epochs in the history of man when all geographical lines sink into insignificance and obscurity, and the great fact of our common origin, our common nature and our common destiny, rises before every mind, and reveals, in its triple tie, the unseen yet inseparable cord which binds us all together in one indivisible family, living under the same firmament and rejoicing in the light and love of the same Father. With this fact lighting up the best hearts in all countries, who can doubt that the cries of this people for food will be responded to in every quarter of the globe, and that bread will soon be scattered among them like manna from Heaven? Indeed the response is already heard, and a smile of hope is beginning to brighten the wan face of the country as with the morning twilight of a better day.

The Society of Friends in England have alone raised about a hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Queen Victoria has subscribed about ten thousand dollars; many of the nobility have contributed liberally, and the contribution boxes of the English churches are becoming vocal with the silver music of charity.

Soup houses, (soup kitchens they are called here) are springing up all over the country; private individuals and public committees are attempting to fathom that they may provide for the deep and every-day augmenting distress; Government is spending millions for the employment of a small portion of those who can work; and without doubt, if we Americans do our duty, sufficient energy will be developed to meet the almost unexampled demand.

Daniel O'Connell has given notice that he shall call on Parliament (which meets tomorrow) to contribute thirty millions of pounds sterling, at once, for the simple and easily comprehended purpose of buying bread and putting it directly into the mouths of his starving countrymen. The following burst of eloquence was the prerogative of a speech which I heard from him last Monday at a crowded meeting in "Constitution Hall." It was delivered with touching eloquence, and excited such a round of applause as an Irish multitude can alone give, and a Daniel O'Connell alone arouse.

"My plan is, that England should immediately borrow 40 millions—that she might ransom the world for food. It will be an increase of 40 millions to the national debt—to be sure it will—but it will be 40 millions to purchase the lives of the Irish people. I have been sneered at by some, and laughed at by others. I have always answered,—"What will you propose—what remedy have you?" "Oh, we will allow merchants to bring corn into the country." See the price you now pay for corn, compared with the prices at which it was purchased in the original market. There is no chance of salvation for the country, unless the landlords come forward manfully, and boldly insist upon the English Government providing food for the people.

"Talk of drainage! why drainage is very good, as regards next year, or the year after; and as to the cultivation of the waste lands, those lands would produce no crop for two years at least. Now what sort of a remedy is that? It reminds me of a phrase—"Live on, and you will get grass." They say to the people of Ireland, "Live for two years upon the air, and at the end of that time you will get potatoes." Oh! it is melancholy to think of it! it is really ludicrous. In Cork—the county which I represent—they are dying by fifties; coroners' inquests are no longer held, and so numerous are the deaths that a sufficiency of coffins cannot be had. Most affecting instances are related of the kindness and devotion of the peasantry in those unhappy districts. One man went seven or eight miles to get work—he didn't take a morsel for forty-eight hours, so he might be able to purchase a couple of stone of meat for his family—he carried the provisions till he reached his own door, and then dropped dead of hunger! And when such things occur, and are becoming familiar, am I to be talked to about political economy, and told not to interfere with mercantile speculation? I say to the English Government—interfere for human life!—save human beings—give food to starving thousands—throw the shield of your power and wealth—your power and wealth—over the people of Ireland. They have suffered much from your tyranny and oppression—you have violated every compact you entered into with them—you have emptied their coffers, and now they cry to you—shout to you—shriek to you to do something to save them from death; and if you don't do something to save them, your own destruction may not be remote. They have been in your battles the right arm of your power—your flag never yet waved in triumph that the commingled blood of Irishmen was not shed for its attainment. Never was there a contest by sea in which your decks were not wet with their blood; and in the hour of their calamity I call upon the Government of England—to save the country. I call upon the Irish gentry first to rally and make a demand—a loud and a distinct demand—not a demand truckling for petty relief, but a demand commensurate with the magnitude of the evil—to rescue the country from destruction. I call upon the Irish gentry to speak out in a voice of thunder—I call upon England not to dare to refuse to listen to their demand." (The Hon. gentleman resumed his seat amid great applause.)

## Why was Texas Annexed?

John C. Calhoun, in a recent speech, thus discourses on the annexation of Texas:

"He objected to this undertaking at first, because the Administration was weak (Mr. Tyler's)—it had, perhaps, no friends in the Senate, and but two or three in the other

House. He objected to coming into the State Department then, but his nomination had been unanimously confirmed before his remotest arrival. The Administration was weak, and that was a strong reason against attempting the Annexation at that time. But he had learned that there was a conspiracy between the World's Convention at London and the Abolitionists of England, by which a fatal blow was proposed to be given to Slavery, and it was to be struck through Texas. England ascertained that Texas was about to be annexed to this Union, and he had had information of a letter from the World's Convention to Lord Aberdeen, in which it was suggested that a fatal blow might be inflicted upon Slavery in the United States, in an acknowledgement and support of the independence of Texas, on condition that she would agree to the abolition of Slavery. There was no time, therefore to be lost. It was a case of necessity. Hence the Tyler treaty."

## Freedom Triumphant!

We announce with surprise and gratification the adoption (yesterday) of the Wilmore Proviso against any further extension of Slavery by the arms of the laws of the United States. The vote of the House (115 to 105) was very full, and the majority decisive beyond all expectation. The House has done its whole duty in the premises, and we trust cannot recede. Now, friends of Freedom in the Senate! the eyes of the world are upon you! Let it never be said that the noblest deliberative body on earth was the last to evince its sympathy with the demand of our Age, that this earth shall soon become the home of Universal Liberty and Justice! Senators from the border Slave States! we implore you to cast such votes as Heaven would dictate and the judgment of future Ages will enthusiastically approve. Not often is glory surpassing that of all conquerors proffered so freely to men in civil life as now to you. Act for eternity and all is well!—*Tribune.*

YET ANOTHER VICTIM!—On Friday last, the people of Hyndsville, in the town of Seaward, in this county, were made to witness a shocking scene—the effect of RUM! Benjamin Lettis, a middle-aged man, and father of a large and respectable family in that place, was found dead that morning in the field about two miles distant between his house and Cobleskill Centre. He had left home before daylight the Tuesday morning previous—gone to Cobleskill Centre—got two jars filled with liquor there—started for home, and was last seen alive the same morning about nine o'clock, a few rods from where he was found dead on Friday. His head and limbs were frozen fast in the ice and ground, so that it was found necessary to chop him out with an axe. When got to his countenance was horribly discolored and distorted, as if he had died in great agony. His limbs were drawn up and stiff, so that even after having been exposed to the heat of a warm fire for a long time, they could not be relaxed sufficiently to lay him out until he had been taken to a neighboring tanyard and placed in a vat of cold water for several hours. When first discovered, one of his legs was lying beside him nearly emptied of its contents, while the other, filled and corked, was firmly pressed by one arm to his side. A more painful and heart-rending picture than he presented, cannot be imagined.—*Schoharie Post.*

## Receipts.

E. Walker, Pittsburgh,	\$1.50-126
J. Millersack, Leesville,	75-106
John Deal do	75-106
G. C. Baker, Garrettsville,	1.00-84
I. Brook, Damascus,	1.50-104
J. Ellyson, do	84-80
J. Griest, do	50-102
Joseph Garretson, New Lisbon,	1.50-104
J. Wickersham, Lewisburg,	1.50-99
J. Pleasant, New Lisbon,	2.00-69
J. Janney, do	1.50-104
T. Mather, Salem,	1.00-70
R. B. Gardner, East Fairfield,	1.50-32
J. Marsh, do	1.50-104
R. McFall, Youngstown,	1.50-133
J. North, Bainbridge,	1.50-84
G. Bloxson, Selma,	3.00-150
T. S. Russell, Weymouth,	1.00-90
A. T. French, Damascus,	14-5
H. Fox, Sharon,	1.00-93
J. Newell, Nelson Centre,	1.50-126
C. North, do	1.50-141
W. Curtis, Farmington,	1.50-122
A. Easton,	1.50-122
Dickey & Wolf, Middletown,	1.50-91
Eck & Paulin do	1.50-91
R. Hutchinson, Locust Grove,	2.00-105
Geo. Garretson, New Lisbon,	3.00-52

[H. Bangs, Bangs Corner, Medina county has paid 50 cents to one of our agents, and J. Gardner, Coitville, has forwarded \$1.50. There must be some mistake about the P. O. address of these persons, for we cannot find their names at the places given.]

Q.—Please take notice, that in the acknowledgement of subscription money for the Bugle, not only is the amount received placed opposite the subscribers name, but also the number of the paper to which he has paid, and which will be found in the outside column of figures.

## WATER CURE.

DR. J. D. COPE  
Has just completed an addition to his Water Cure Establishment in Salem. He is now prepared to secure to an increased number of patients the full advantages of the Hydropathic practice.  
Salem, Dec. 1846.

C. DONALDSON & CO.  
WHOLESALE & RETAIL HARDWARE MERCHANTS  
Keep constantly on hand a general assortment of HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.  
No. 18 MAIN ST. CINCINNATI.  
July 17, '46

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.  
BOOTS AND SHOES, (Eastern and Western,) Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oil and Dye Stuffs, cheap as the cheapest, and good as the best, constantly for sale at  
TRESKOTTS  
Salem, O. 1st & 30th.



## POETRY.

From *Neal's Saturday Gazette*.

### The Cottage Home.

A light is shining brightly,  
Within a cottage home,  
And hearts are beating lightly,  
As 'neath a princely dome.

A cheerful fire is glowing,  
And sparkling on the hearth,  
Its warmth and brightness throwing  
On innocence and mirth.

A little bird is singing  
Sweet melody, and rare;  
Its joyous tones are ringing  
Like silver through the air.

A laughing boy is sitting  
Upon his mother's lap,  
While she is neatly fitting  
A feather in his cap.

A little girl is creeping  
Upon the white oak floor,  
Or at her brother's peeping  
Behind the kitchen door.

Their shouts of laughter ringing  
So merrily and clear—  
From hearts of joy upspringing,  
Fall pleasant on the ear.

"Dear papa," too, is smiling  
Upon the lovely scene,  
His evening hours beguiling  
With happiness, I ween.

And happy is that mother,  
Though humble be her lot;  
For "love to one another,"  
Is cherished in the cot.

The love which dieth never—  
The sympathy of hearts,  
Whom God hath bound together—  
A bond which never parts.

East Poutney, Vt., Nov., 1846.

### The War for Slavery.

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

If ever war was waged for basest ends,  
By means perfidious, profligate and low,  
It is the present war with Mexico,  
Which in deep guile all other wars transcend.  
He who to his strength or influence lends,  
Proclaims himself dear Liberty's worst foe;  
Inflicts on human rights a deadly blow,  
And slanders a black and bloody reign extends.  
Who but a villain will maintain the wrong?  
Who but a villain will forsake the right?  
Who to enslave the weak will join the strong?  
Who in the cause of tyranny will fight?  
Land of my birth, that seekest to oppress,  
How can I pray to Heaven for thy success?

### Little Things.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,  
Nor deem it void of power;  
There's fruit in a chaff-wind-wafted seed,  
Waiting its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,  
And call it back to life;  
A look of love bid sin depart,  
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell  
How vast its power may be;  
Nor what results unfolded dwell  
Within it, silently.

Work and despair not: give thy might,  
Nor care how small it be;  
God is with all that serve the Right,  
The holy, true and free!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the *Charter Oak*.

### NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

PARIS, November 16, 1846.

#### DEAR BUREAU:

A few weeks ago, I was at the old city of Rheims, in Champagne, and was wandering with a traveler's curiosity along the streets, when I observed an unusually strong display of police and gens d'armes, indicating that some event of uncommon interest was about to take place. I should have known as much from the movement of the people, who, men, women and children, seemed all hastening in one direction. I had arrived in town the day before, and having been busy in visiting the ancient monuments of the place, had made no inquiries as to the spectacles which were to be witnessed. Presuming that some grand review or ceremony was about to take place, I fell into the current and was borne along by it towards one of the public squares of the city. Every moment the human flood poured more and more strongly along the street. Every lane and avenue furnished its tributary stream, and the heaving, surging mass rolled heavily onward to its place. The day was a dismal one. Dark and heavy clouds hung like a sable curtain over the sweet squares, and a damp mist had fallen through the early morning. Big drops of rain now began to fall, and distant thunder muttered its grim responses to the feeble flashes of far off lightning. But the people seemed not to heed it. The crowd around me were not of the delicate sort;—men in blouses, and women whose heads, protected by a cap of coarse make, had never felt the weight of a bonnet, were not to be driven from a favorite purpose by a few drops of rain even though rain is what a Frenchman fears above all other things. Uniforms and dresses of ceremony will suffer to-day, thought I, as I spread my great cotton umbrella over my head, to the manifest astonishment of all around me, who evidently had never seen so large an umbrella before. I pity those whose military or ecclesiastical duties will oblige them to stand the storm that is coming, without the good shelter that a common man may put over his head. The crowd bore me on—and I saw the square beyond was fast filling with people. In a moment the living torrent of which I formed a part, swept round the corner, and I stood still in the open square. Where were the troops? Where was the procession? I looked in vain for the display I had thought to find, but a single moment revealed to me the fearful business of the morning. There right before me, not ten rods off, frowning darkly through the grey mists, the terrible scaffold lifted itself above the heads of the people, and towering over it,

like the grim genius of destruction above a prostrate victim, rose the bloody guillotine. I had never seen the fearful instrument before; but its history and the picture of its operations which I had seen, made it familiar to me, and I did not need to ask what it was. I could have escaped from the crowd, but it was by no means easy to penetrate the mass behind me that became every moment more and more dense. I confess, too, that a strange and unwarrantable curiosity had its influence in deterring me from the attempt, and I stood hesitating whether to remain or strive to push my way out into the open space where I might breathe air untainted with the smell of human blood. It was useless to hesitate. A movement in the crowd turned my eyes involuntarily towards the scaffold, and I saw over the guard, two men mounting the steps. How the blood-thirsty masses were disappointed! It was only a couple of officials who went up to see that all was right in the machinery of death, and in a moment they descended. But the human tigers who waited for blood on every side, knew what this movement portended. They had grown familiar with the formula of death, and knew as well the successive steps in this work of horror, as they did the movement in the dances where they were going to revel that night. Hush! hold! Look how the sea of human forms sways to and fro beyond the scaffold, as the ocean swells after a storm, and see parting to the right and left, like the Red Sea of old, they are gathered into heaps on either side, and through that terrible valley and shadow of death with a thousand dark brows bent upon him, covered with shame and scorn, his look cast down to earth, or raised only to shrink back from the glances of some towering heron of other days, comes the victim of this horrible festival. I could not just see him in his approach, and not at all when he halted for a moment on the other side of the blood-stained altar, where the consecrated priest of the law was to offer him up in solemn sacrifice to the God of justice. It was but a moment. The executioner mounted the scaffold and took his place; and slowly and feebly, his steps trembling on the threshold of eternity, the victim followed, leaning on the shoulders of a man who seemed as careless as though he led a friend to his place at the table. In a moment the two priests in attendance were at the poor man's side, and the merriment of the law himself stood respectfully silent while the latest services of religion were performed. At that religious which human law-givers have yet to learn is one of the highest elements of good government. The Cross was still lifted before the eyes of the wretched man, and still the priest exhorted him to hope in that Savior, whose image was lifted up before him. But his heart failed. The vast multitude became impatient; the public place swam round and round; his limbs gave way. He staggered and would have fallen, but the assistants caught and supported him.

Poor wretched man! Were the thoughts of other days floating through his bewildered brain, that so unweary hand? Did he remember the mother whose kindness was linked with his first recollections, of his sisters, whose glossy ringlets he had twined around his boyhood's fingers? Did the merry voices of his childhood playmates ring in his ears again? Did the shadow of the sun above his father's cottage door fall once again as he returned from his first wanderings, sound gratefully in his heart once more? Or was it the fear of death—of death, which he has dared a thousand times, that unweary hand? Alas!—who could fathom his thoughts—the thoughts that even to him came thickly and confusedly? They lifted him up.

The man! With the stamp of youth yet on his brow! He looked not born for such a place. There was a higher promise on that face where nature had set the seal of her approval. They stripped the scanty vestment from his shoulders, and were shutting out the last light—the precious light of heaven from his eyes, when he started convulsively and glared around as if some horrible thought had seized upon his soul. Oh, Heavens!—what a sight was he in that fearful moment! The very tigers who would have lapped his blood up in five minutes afterwards, were awed into the silence of marble. One could not hear even a breath. Oh, ye mothers! was it for such an end as this that his mother felt the anguish of his birth? Was it for this that she fed him at the breast of life, while she parted his tresses over the clear fair brow of his infancy, and prayed that he might live to be a man. Merciful God!—why is the double nature of the lamb and the demon bound up in the heart of man?

It was the work of an instant to bind him to the plank as he stood, and the crowd trembled with eager anxiety as they saw this final preparation completed. The man of death was ready for the horrible task. The plank as if conscious of its office, trembled and instantly slid along a groove to bring the neck under the fatal axe. The poor wretch gave one convulsive shiver—a shriek that would have given utterance to an age of agonies, and one that sent a thrill of horror through every heart that was not dead to the voices of humanity. An exclamation burst from the lips of the anxious crowd as the fatal axe loomed from its place above, flashed down upon the neck of the devoted man. Oh, horror! cried I, involuntarily. "I never shall forget the sound of that axe," said a girl of sixteen, who stood beside me, as the blood jetted from the severed neck, and so it was indeed more sad to see the man's instant after go up all dripping with gore. The basket into which the head had fallen was lifted from its place with the blood-trickling through it—the body was tumbled into another, and the cart moved off with its horrible load, while the gladdened crowd dispersed on every side.

Why is all this, said I. What is the terrible necessity that requires such bloody sacrifices? This man had killed his mistress. She had brought him to abject poverty, and drunkenness, and jealousy had driven him to crime. In an evil hour, he yielded to the demon whose phantoms had beckoned him on to crime. He struck the fatal blow that severed the bonds between him and the faithful woman. In the prison he came to himself—the agencies that had maddened him, no longer exerted their control over his mind, and the thought of better days came back to take possession of their ancient dwelling place. He felt assured, he said, that God would have mercy on all offenders, had he pardoned him, though he still trembled at the thought of his terrible death. Human law had not learned the forgiveness of the Divine King, who forgives upon repentance. The human ruler pardons usually only where he doubts if he had a right to condemn.

I had never before witnessed an execution, I was not a willing witness of this. I pray God I may never see another. To the great mass who looked upon this rite, I am sure that it was like putting fresh blood upon the nostrils of a tiger. Do not tell me they were warned. Do not tell me they were in the least dissuaded from murder. Instead of that, they became familiar with blood; their heads were hardened against the look and cry of human suffering, and the very dispositions which were punished on that scaffold, were strengthened in the thousands of spectators by the mode of punishment.

An hour after, I passed again through that square. There was not the slightest indication left that an execution had taken place; and as I approached the spot, a teamster was driving a load of wine over the very place where the scaffold had stood, on its way to the merchant's cellar. The trade that supplied the scaffold had commenced again under the protection of the law. Oh, the wisdom of human legislation!

### Visit to a Ragged School.

"A Ragged School," quoth the reader; "pry, what kind of school is that?" A few words will suffice to answer this inquiry. A "ragged school" is a Sunday school established by private benevolence in a city district of the meanest kind, where every house is worn out and crazy, and almost every man and woman, or perhaps something worse. A school, moreover, in which no children are to be found who would be admitted into any other school. For, ragged, diseased, and crime-worn, their very appearance would scare away the children of well-to-do parents; and hence, if they were not educated there, they would receive no education at all.

In London there exists a "ragged school"—one situated in the very heart of St. Giles'; another—the one we propose to sketch—established right at the corner of St. Giles', Field-lane, Smithfield—the head quarters of thieves, embers, burglars, and outcasts of society. This Sunday School was founded in 1811, and originated in the benevolent efforts of Mr. Provan, a hero in humble life.

After much exertion, especially in overcoming the objections of the parents, who considered the reformation of their offspring as the loss of so much capital, forty-five young persons, varying in age from six to eighteen, were induced to attend the school. At present, the average attendance on Sundays exceeds a hundred. The school is also opened three times a week, when instruction of an ordinary kind is imparted gratuitously by a lady. Most of the boys are the fathers of the scholars being to the prodigious class, and the mothers filial characters, who bear deep traces of guilt and disease in their countenances. Many of the children have been incarcerated for felony—educated thereby by their parents, as the trade whereby they are to live; and the destiny of all, unless better principles shall be implanted at school than can be acquired at home, is the hulks or Norfolk Island. All honor, then, to the brave men and women who have consecrated the day of rest to the god-like task of rescuing their fellow-creatures from a life of shame and misery—to change the ruffian into an honest man.

The Smithfield "ragged school" is situated at 65 West street, a locality which were and fever hold fearful fate. To open it in any other neighborhood, would be to defeat the object of the projectors. The very character of the original texture could scarcely be gleaned, would almost be sufficient to preclude their ingress to a more respectable neighborhood, and make them sink abashed into lathouse dens. It follows, that the object of the promoters of the "ragged school"—the ingathering of the outcast—requires that it should be held amidst the homes of these outcasts. The house has that battered, worn aspect, which speaks of dissolute idleness; the windows are dark and dingy, and the street too narrow to admit a current of fresh air; and it needed, on the rainy day in March, in which it was visited, but a slight active imagination to call up visions of the robberies and murders which have been planned in it, and of which it has been the scene.

The entrance to the school was dark; and there being no windows to illuminate the rickety staircase, we stumbled into the school room on entering the first floor before we were aware. On entering, the eye was greeted by a spectacle to which, from its mingled humor and pathos, the pencil of Hogarth could alone have done justice. We found a group of from forty to fifty girls in one room, and about sixty boys in another; the girls, although the offspring of thieves, quiet, winning, and maidenly; but the boys full of grimace and mischief, and by just and cunning glances, evincing that they thought the idea of attending school fine fun. Foremost among them was a boy, apparently aged seventeen, but as self-collected as a man of forty, of enormous head, and with a physiognomy in which cunning and wit were equally blended, whose mastery over the other boys was attested by their all addressing him as "captain." The boys had their own, vice-worn faces as clean as could be expected, and their rags seemed furnished up for the occasion; whilst their ready repartee, and striking original remarks, and the electric light of the eye, when some peculiar practical joke was perpetrated, evinced that intellect was there, however uneducated or misused. Unless we are greatly self-deceived, we beheld in this unpromising assemblage as good a show of heads as we have ever seen in any other Sunday school, and the remark is justified by what we learned with respect to the shrewdness generally evinced by these children. The predominant temperament was the sanguine, a constitution which indicates a great love for animal exercise; and during the time we were present, they appeared as if they could not at a quiet one moment—hands, feet, head, nay the very trunk itself seemed struggling to do something, and that something generally being found in sheer mischief.

Hymns were occasionally sung to lively measures, the girls singing with a sweetness and pathos that sank deep into the heart, but the boys continually grinning and jolking dovetailing into the hymns the fag-ends of popular songs, yet all the time attempting to look grave and sober, as if they were paying the most respectful attention. When the superintendent told the boys that he was about to pitch the tune, and that they must follow him, the boys before mentioned as the captain cried out in a stage whisper, "Mr. where he's going to?"—just before the hymn was sung by the confederates. During teaching, questions of an unwelcome character were submitted by the boys to their master; for example, "If you were starving and hun-

gry wouldn't you steal?" "What is the use of hanging Tapping? will it convert him?" Various other questions were made by the captain, to puzzle the teacher, and failing, he was heard to say, "That's no go—he is too deep for us."

Amongst these boys, however, were some to whom the word of kindness was evidently a "word in season," who drank in the tender accents with which they were addressed—perchance for the first time—as if it were music to their souls. Then, again, was to be seen some poor puny lad, as gentle in mind as in body, who was obviously dying from unfitness to cope with the requirements of his circumstances—poor, tender sapplings growing in an atmosphere which was too bleak for any but the forest oak to brave. Untainted, except to crime, as most of the children are, much good has already been effected. Most of the scholars can read, and books have been supplied to their little homes; and the books are read with the understanding, is proved by the questions submitted to their teachers. Due honor to their parents has been taught. Many have thus become a comfort to homes to which they hitherto had been an additional curse; and many a mother, herself regenerated through the prattle of her child, has declared, with streaming eyes, "I thank God my girl ever went to school!" Some of the scholars have been partially clad by the Doreas Society connected with the school; and the stress which has been laid upon personal cleanliness has served to induce proper feelings of self-esteem; no slight ingredient in civilization. Notwithstanding their many eccentricities, the children are really attached to their teachers; the girls coming forward from natural impulse, and with true politeness giving an attentive "Good bye, teacher," even to the visitors—and the boys ever striving to please, in spite of their prevailing love of fun. One note but characteristic instance of this affection for their teacher may be noticed. A teacher, on passing through Field Lane, was attracted by a pugilistic contest; when, on remonstrating with them on their folly, one of the most brutal came up to him in a fighting attitude. Suddenly a girl rushed through the crowd and cried in stentorian tones, "You leave him alone, Bill, or I'll knock you down; don't you know that's my teacher?" If, then, to win the affections be the best prelude to the reformation of the debased, again we say, honor to those brave men who, despite the contempt and the slander of the Pharisee and the worldling, have not shrunk from trying to rescue from ruin the most neglected youthful soul!

Our sketch ends here; but the "ragged school" was not visited for the mere gratification of curiosity, nor is that the motive which induced us to describe the scene. A question entered our minds as we pondered over this visit, and a practical answer to which by our readers is the chief aim of the writer—"Why is there not a 'ragged school' in every large town of Great Britain?"

### For the Bugle.

NEW BRIGHTON, February 10, 1847.

DEAR FRIENDS: I have just been reading an agonizing account of the deplorable condition of starving Ireland. Is it not unspeakably dreadful that such a state of things is allowed to exist in a state of society which calls itself humane, intelligent, and christian? How can this nation, whose barns and warehouses groan with repletion, give "sleep to their eyes, or slumber to their eyelids," till bread is given to the starving thousands of Ireland? Is it in vain to appeal to the wealthy merchants, farmers and capitalists in their behalf? Will they not remember their brethren and sisters in this awful hour, and send ships laden with food to sustain life, and thus cause thousands to sing hosannas, and shout for joy? Those that have the power to do, and do not, where is their humanity?

Were it not for the blighting, hardening, withering influence of slavery and war, now existing in this country in the name of civilization and christianity, the people could not rest in view of such things. But these violent and bloody doings dry up the fountains of sympathy and turn a nation's heart to stone. Still I hope there may be sensibility enough left to feel, in some degree, for those who are perishing, and that it will manifest itself in a manner that may save the starving, give freedom to the slave, and thus avert the consequences which must finally overtake a hardened and perverse generation.

For Truth and Humanity,  
MILO A. TOWNSEND.

### A Royal Editor.

The King of Bavaria is about to start a newspaper, which, rumor says, he is to edit himself. We can imagine the King sitting on the throne, with an immense pair of scissors in one hand, and the paste brush in the other, writing his *Zeitung*, while the printer's devil is knocking at the door of the palace, calling for "copy." His royal majesty secretly knows the pains and penalties of an editor yet, or else he would not be so ambitious of rushing into newspaper authorship. How will he like opening three hundred letters a day, every one of them finding fault with some part of his paper? How will he like being knocked up at three o'clock in the morning, to come down to the office and open an express? How will he like collecting his quarterly subscriptions, or answering his correspondents' inquiries—whether his majesty will be graciously pleased to take out their subscriptions in coins, candles, German sausages, sauerkraut, seltzer water, or Bavarian beer? How will he like some enraged author, or angry actor of his royal theatre, or puerile member, entering his office, and not knowing he is the King, laying the horse-whip across his royal shoulders for some smart personality or witty criticism? How will he like being prosecuted for a libel—and he is prepared to put in the old plea, "the King can do no wrong"—because the same yarn, of course, would apply to grammatical errors, false syllogisms, erroneous quotations, all sorts of nonsense, though it is very doubtful whether his reader would make the excuse, and might write to his majesty to stop sending the paper.—*Punch*.

The examination of the luggage of passengers coming into France by the railroad from Belgium, has been abolished by the government.

## Anti-Slavery Books.

Kept constantly on hand by J. Elizabeth Jones, among which are:  
Narrative of Douglass.  
Arcely Moore.  
The Liberty Cap.  
Brotherhood of Thieves.  
Slaveholder's Religion.  
Disunionist, &c.

The Florida Hope of Slavery, by Pillsbury; Fact & Fiction, by Mrs. Child; and The Memoirs of C. T. Torrey, will probably be received very soon.

## THE SALEM BOOK-STORE.

Has changed hands, and the New Firm having made considerable additions to the old stock, respectfully solicit the patronage of the old customers and the public. They are constantly receiving

### SUPPLIES FROM THE EAST,

of Books and Stationery,—and Articles in their line not on hand will be ordered on short notice.

They will try to keep such an assortment and sell on such terms, as that no one need have an excuse for not reading.

Schools and Merchants supplied on liberal terms.

### GALBREATH & HOLMES.

D. L. GALBREATH, }  
JESSE HOLMES, }  
Salem, 1st mo. 28th, 1846.

### CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Sole Leather, Upper Leather, Calf-Skins, Shoes, Boots, Sugar, Molasses, Tea, Coffee, Spice, Fish, Canned Goods, Candles. Tar by the kit and barrel. Turpentine, Spermin Oil, Flaxseed Oil, Paints, &c., &c., by

### HEATON & IRISH.

Dec. 28th, 1846.

### LOOKING GLASSES.

In connection with Hardware and Drugs, the subscribers have a large supply of new and handsome styles of large and small Looking Glasses and Looking Glass plates. Old frames refilled and glass cutting done to order.

### CHESSMAN & WRIGHT.

Salem, 11th mo 1, 1846.

### CHEAP FOR CASH.

The proprietors of the Salem Hardware and Drug Store, have just received their full supply of NEW HARDWARE and FRESH DRUGS. The patronage of their old customers, and the public generally is respectfully solicited.

### CHESSMAN & WRIGHT.

Salem 11th mo 1, 1846.

### REMOVAL.

George Orr has removed from the house of Ely, Kent & Brock, to the large and extensive Dry Goods house of

### LUDWIG, KNEEDLER & CO.

No. 110, North 3d st., where he would be glad to have his Anti-Slavery friends call before making their Spring purchases elsewhere.

Philadelphia, Jan. 7th, 1847.—76.

### MEDICAL.

#### DRS. COPE & HOLE

Have associated for the practice of medicine. Having practised the WATER-CURE, until they are satisfied of its unequalled value, in the treatment not only of chronic but acute diseases, they are prepared to offer their professional services on the following conditions. In all acute diseases, when called early, and when proper attention is given by the nurses, if they fail to effect cures, they will ask no fees. Residence east end of Salem. January 1, 1847.

### JUST RECEIVED

Directly from Philadelphia, a fresh supply of beautiful plaid Linseys, black and brown Alpaca and Paramatta Cloths, cheap Castles and Cloths, black and white Wadding, Plaid French Cloaking, and fashionable plaid silk bonnet linings by

### HEATON & IRISH.

Dec. 28th 1846.

### WANTED,

1000 bushel dried Apples,  
100,000 lbs. Pork,  
50,000 lbs. Lard,  
10 or 12 good Horses,  
HEATON & IRISH.  
Dec. 28th, 1846.

### AGENTS FOR THE "BUGLE."

Ohio. New Garden—David L. Galbreath h. Columbia—Lat. Holmes. Cool Springs—Mahlon. Irvin. Berlin—Jacob. H. Barnes. Marlboro—Dr. K. G. Thomas. Confield—John Wetmore. Lowell—Dr. Butler. Poland—Christopher Lee. Youngstown—J. S. Johnson. New Lyme—Mrs. M. Miller. Akron—Thomas P. Beach. W. Lisbon—George Garretson. Cincinnati—William Donaldson. East Fairfield—John Marsh. Selma—Thos. Swaney. Springfield—Mrs. Thomas. Harveysburg—V. Nicholson. Oakland—Elizabeth Brook. Chagrin Falls—S. Duckenson. Petersburg—Ruth Tomlinson. Columbus—W. W. Pollard. Georgetown—Ruth Cope. Bandyburg—Alex. Glenn. Garrettsville—G. C. Baker. Avon—E. Morgan Parrott. Farmington—Wm. Smith. Elgin, Lorain co.—J. J. Burrell. Oberlin—Lucy Stone. Ohio City—R. B. Dennis. Newcom—Dr. Homer Ellis. Barona—E. P. Bassel. Franklin Mills—A. Morse. Harford—Anson Garlick. Southington—Caleb Greene. Mt. Union—Owen Thomas. Republica—P. O. H. Wood—Hilders. Wm. Lyle Keys. Acha town—Dr. A. G. Richardson. Fowler's Mills—Ita Allen. Kinsman—J. Herrick. Berea—Allen Hixy. Malta—Wm. Cope. Hickley—Luther Parker. Jr. Richfield—Jerome Hurlbut. Lodi—Dr. Sils. Chester J. Rands—H. W. Curtis. Painesville—J. W. Briggs. Franklin Mills—C. F. Leddingwell. Dalton—James Mullen.

The cholera was raging at Taborez, in Persia, at the end of October. It is said that from the 11th to the 27th of that month, 10,000 persons had died, and the number of deaths daily, when the account left, was 300.

The Tagus steamer, on her last voyage from Lisbon, having run short of coals, had to sacrifice to the devouring element tons of chests, part of her cargo, to keep up the steam.

Mr. O'Connell has allowed his tennis a reduction of 50 per cent. on their regie.

### PENNSYLVANIA.

Fallston—Milo A Townsend. H. Vashon, Pittsburgh.